

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB

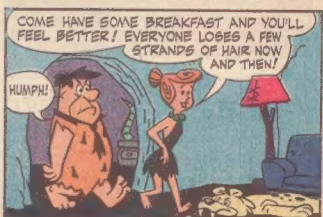


30006-411
NOVEMBER

Hanna-Barber

THE FLINTSTONES

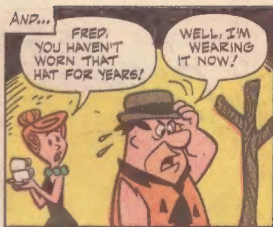
The CASE OF THE FALLING HAIR

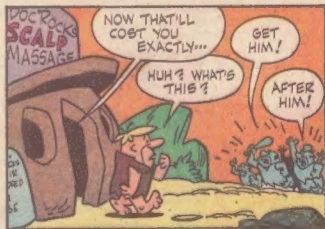
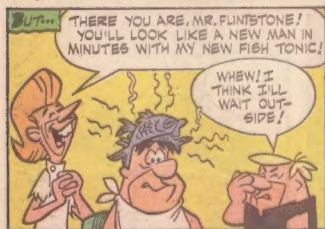


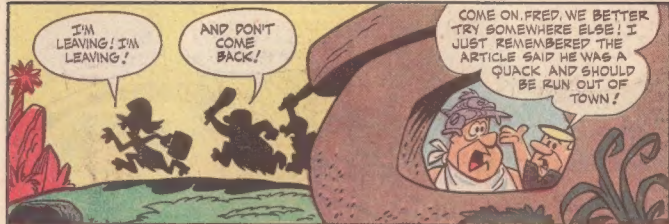
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.

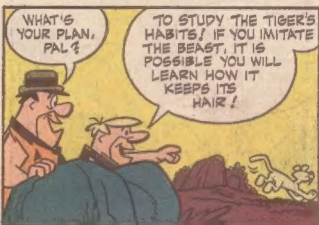
THE FLINTSTONES, No. 23, November, 1964. Published bi-monthly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 65c per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.15 per year; Canadian subscriptions 90c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1964, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

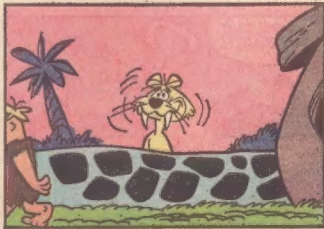
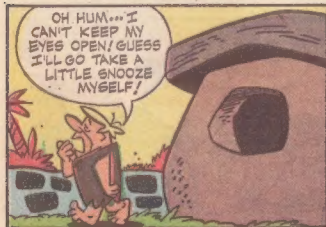
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

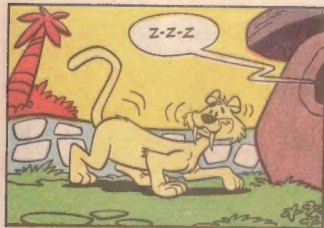














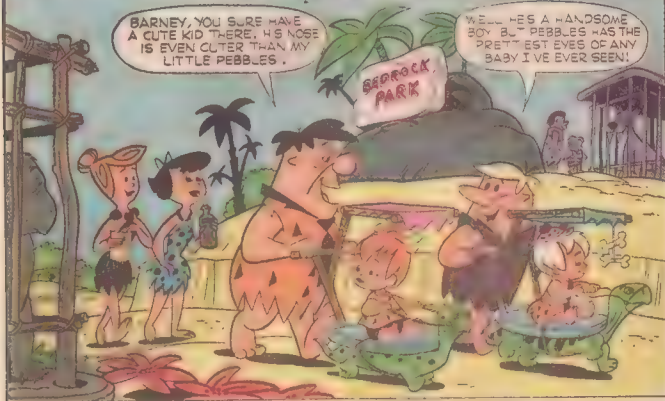


Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

PROBLEM PARENTS

BARNEY, YOU SURE HAVE A CUTE KID THERE. HIS NOSE IS EVEN CUTER THAN MY LITTLE PEBBLES.

WELL, HE'S A HANDSOME BOY, BUT PEBBLES HAS THE PRETTIEST EYES OF ANY BABY I'VE EVER SEEN!



I DON'T SEE HOW SOME FATHERS CAN SAY THEY HAVE THE ONLY CUTE KIDS! WHY, BAMM-BAMM SEVERAL B.T. AS CUTE AS PEBBLES.

NO, I THINK PEBBLES IS CUTER.



IT'S NICE THE WAY FRED AND BARNEY ARE ABOUT THE KIDS!

UH-HUH! NO RIVALRY BETWEEN THEM!



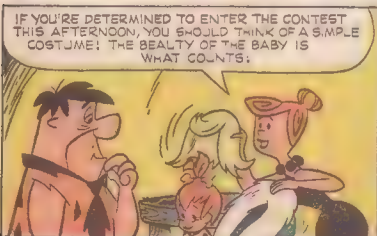
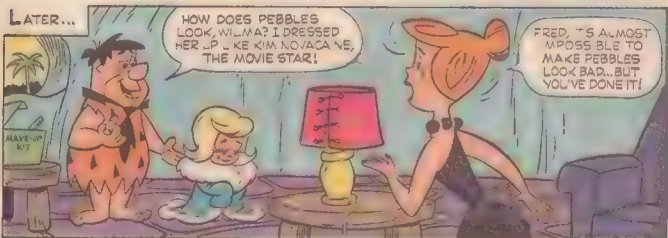
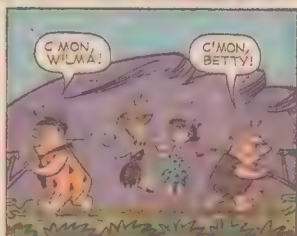
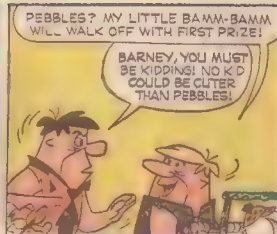
SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?

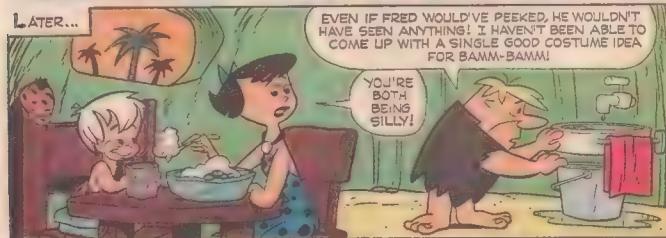
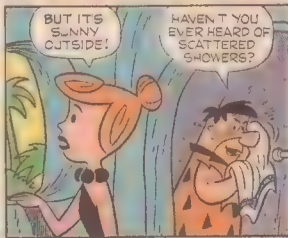
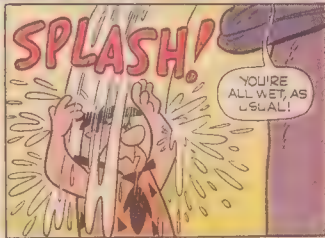
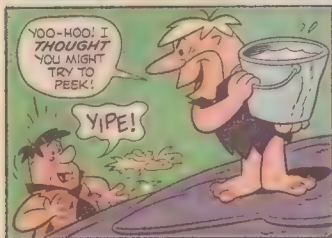
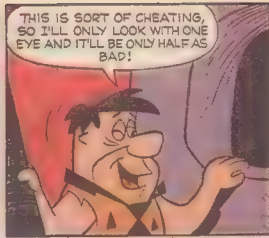
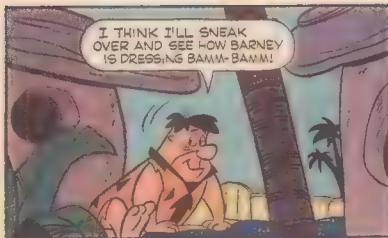


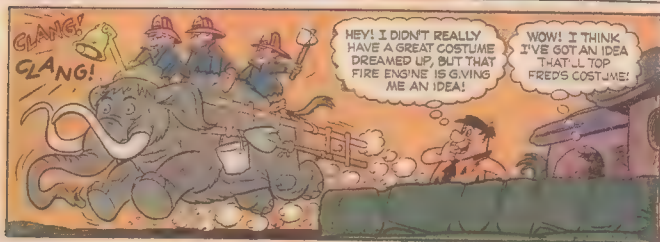
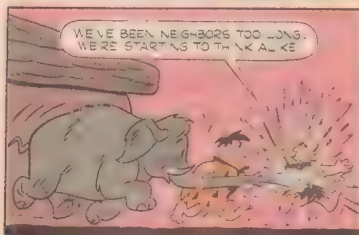
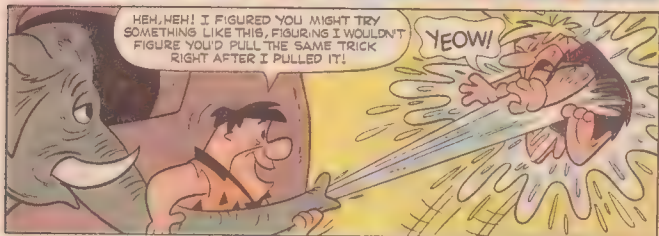
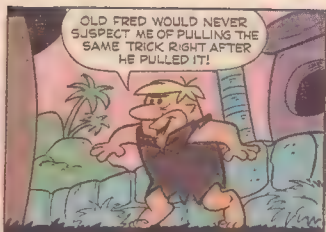
KUTEST KIDDY COSTUME KONTEST FIRST PRIZE \$100

WOW, LOOK.

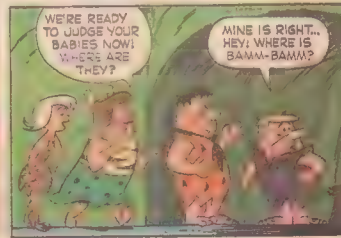
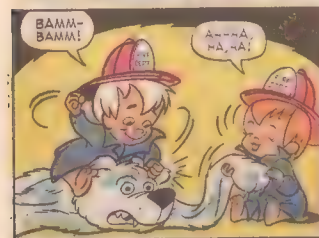
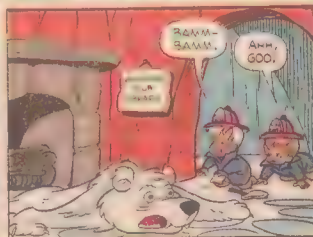
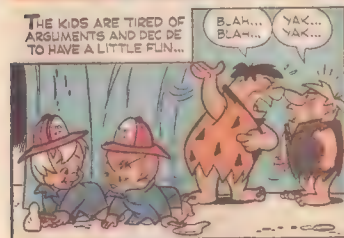
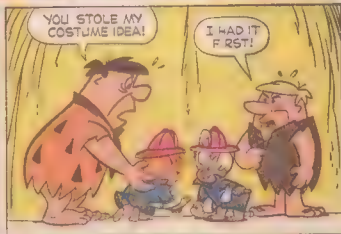
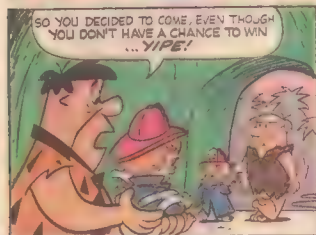
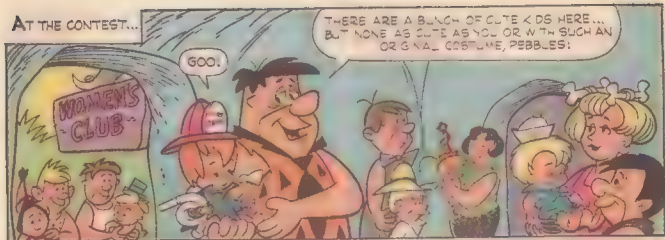


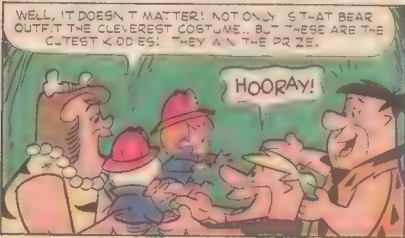
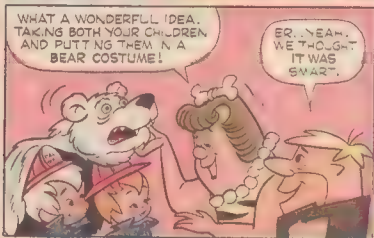




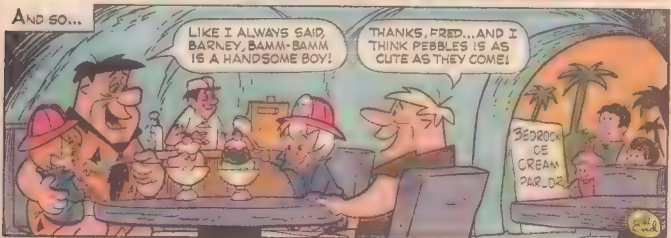


AT THE CONTEST...





AND SO...



GETTING *the* BUSINESS



Perry Gunnite was bored. "What a dull day!" he yawned. "No mysteries to unravel . . . no crimes to solve! Not even a teensy problem to unproblem!"

Perry, you see, is a Private Detective, or Private Investigator, otherwise known as a Private Eye . . . well, let's face it . . . he's just a Plain Snooper.

Anyway, the snoop . . . er, investigating business was slow. For some reason, nobody had any problems. Or at least, if they did, they weren't calling Perry for help.

Indeed, there was a half-inch of dust on the telephone. As Perry gloomily dusted it off, he got an idea. "Why should I wait for people to call me?" he thought. "I'll go and look for business myself!"

So, he locked his office and started down the street. It wasn't long before he met a little girl who was crying loudly.

"What's the matter?" asked Perry.

"My dime! It's gone!" she sobbed.

"You mean someone stole it?" asked Perry hopefully. Even though it looked like a rather small case to work on, it seemed better than nothing.

"Oh, no!" the girl replied. "I dropped it down that drain in the street! And I was supposed to buy a doughnut for my daddy! He'll be very angry if I've lost it!"

"The drain . . . hmmm," Perry said, looking at the heavy iron grating which had to be lifted up in order to get at things — like dimes — which might have fallen through.

He peered down through the grating, but he couldn't see the dime. There was a pool of water at the bottom, left over from a recent rain. In all probability, the dime was down there under the water.

Always willing to help a lady in distress, Perry reassured her. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll get your dime in a jiffy!" Grasping the heavy grating, with many a grunt, groan and puff, he managed to lift it up so he could crawl down underneath. But as he got ready to lower himself, his foot slipped on the edge and he fell into the water below, making a huge splash! Luckily, it wasn't very deep, but as he crawled out dripping wet, he wasn't in any mood to go down again in search of a dime!

"Did you find my money?" the girl asked.

"No, I'm sorry," replied Perry, wiping the water from his face.

"But what on earth will I tell my daddy?" cried the little girl.

If there is anything Perry can't stand, it's a girl crying. "Don't worry," he replied, "I have the answer!" With that, he dug into his own pocket, pulled out a dime, and gave it to the little girl.

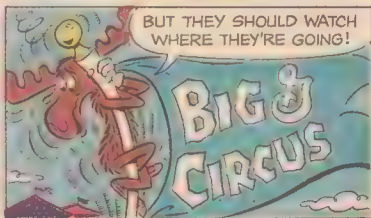
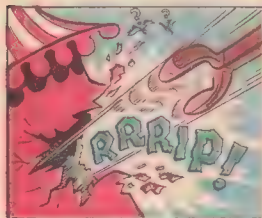
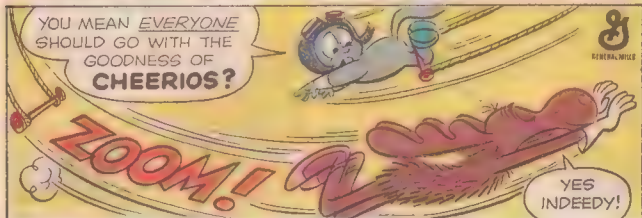
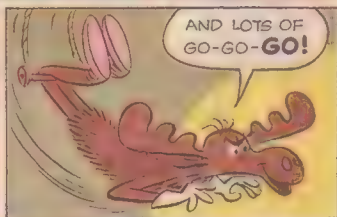
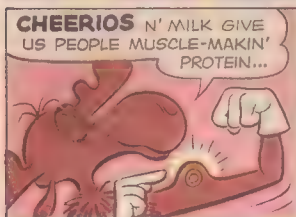
"Oh, thank you, mister!" she said, as she took the dime and ran off.

"AHCHOO!" said Perry. He had meant to say, "You're welcome!" but his feet were soaking wet, and he was well on the way to catching a cold.

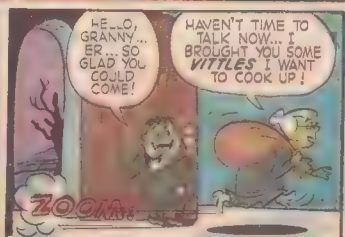
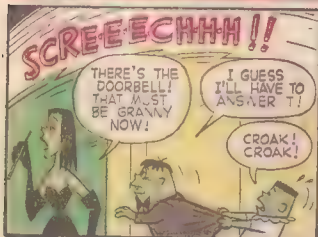
Perry stood for a moment, watching the happy girl run down the street. Then he turned with a snuffle and walked back to his office. When he entered, the phone was ringing, but he just let it ring. It was probably someone with a job for him, but he'd had enough for one day.

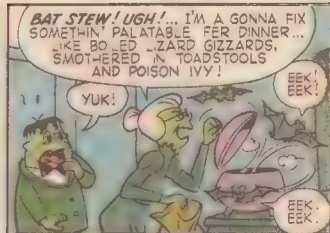
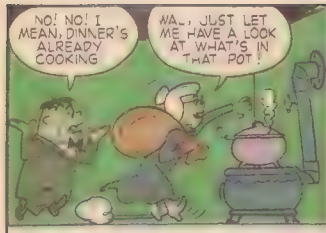
"AHCHOO!" he sneezed. "Just a few minutes ago I was bored, and looking for a job. But instead of catching a criminal, all I caught was a cold, and it cost me a hard-earned dime to boot!" he grumbled. "Some days it doesn't even pay to try!"



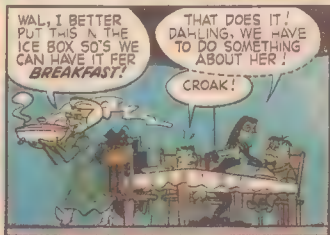
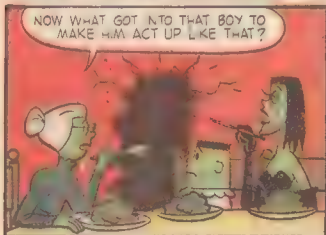


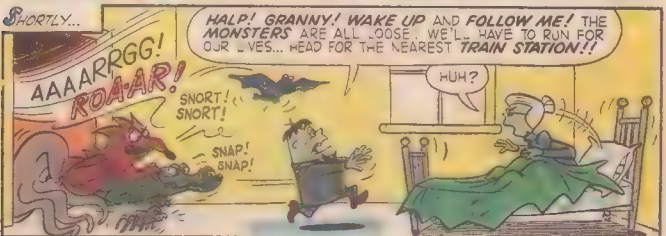
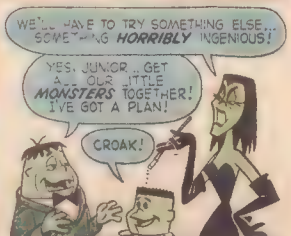
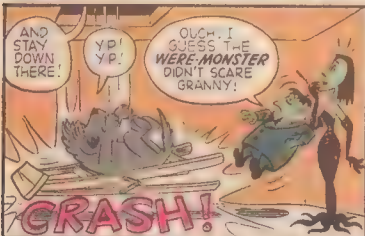
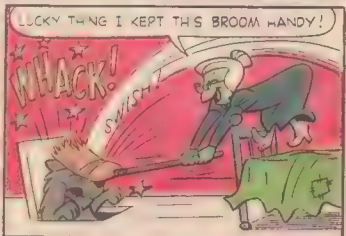
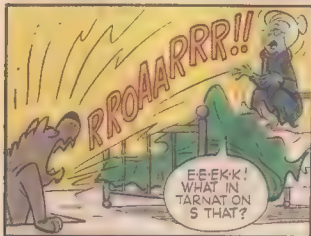
A VISIT FROM GRANNY





LATER THAT NIGHT AT DINNER...





OH GOODY! THE PLAN IS WORKING...
GRANNY IS FOLLOWING DADDY! HE'LL
TAKE HER TO THE TRAIN!

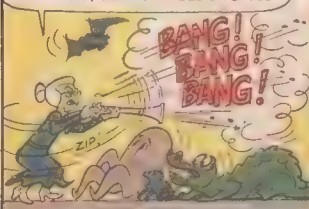


HURRY,
GRANNY,
HURRY!

AH! THERE'S MY SHOOTIN'
IRON AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE STAIRS!



DON'T FRET, GRANDSON! I'LL SAVE YOU!



I'LL CHASE THEM ALL THROUGH THE
HOUSE IF I HAVE TO!

NO! GRANNY COME
BACK! YOU'RE RUINING
MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE!

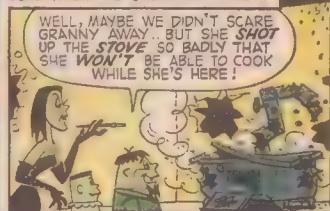


YIPPEE! LOOKIT THOSE CRITTERS
RUN FER THE HILLS!



AND WHEN THE SHOOTING STOPS...

WELL, MAYBE WE DIDN'T SCARE
GRANNY AWAY... BUT SHE **SHOT**
UP THE **STOVE** SO BADLY THAT
SHE **WON'T** BE ABLE TO COOK
WHILE SHE'S HERE!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BROKEN
STOVE... I BROUGHT ALONG ENOUGH
CANNED PICKLED CROW'S
FEET TO LAST US A YEAR!



LITTLE MONSTERS! **WAIT FOR US!**

NOW WHERE ARE THEY
ALL RUNNIN' TO?

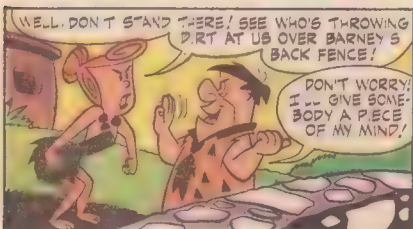
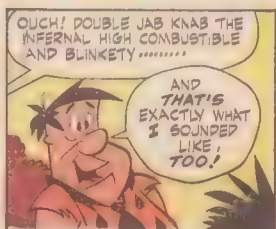
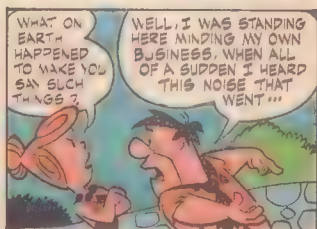
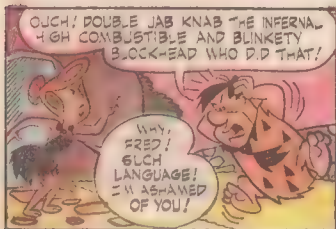
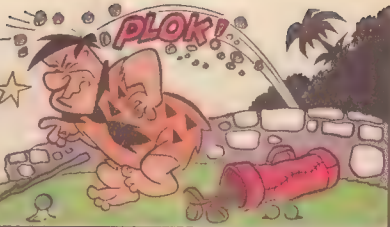
CROAK!
CROAK!

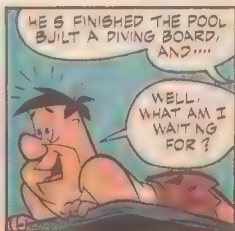
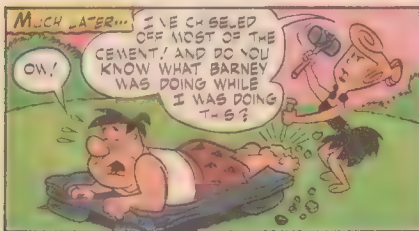
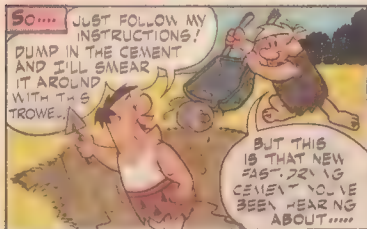
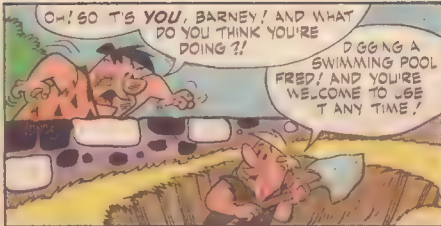


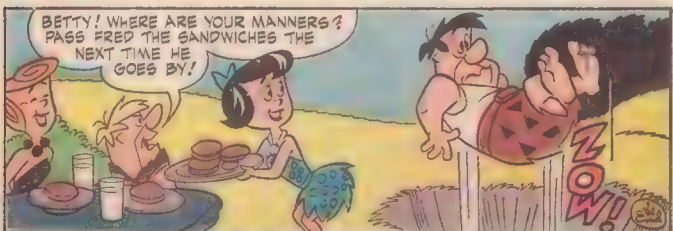
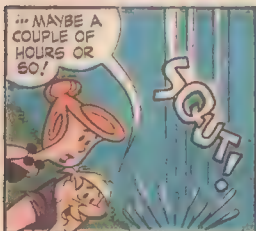
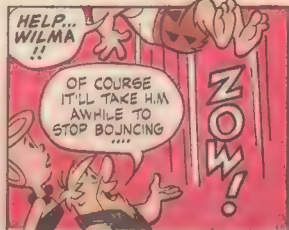
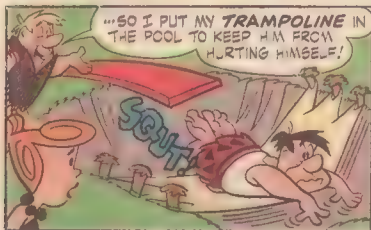
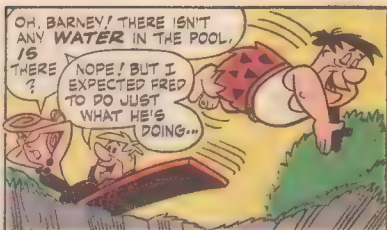
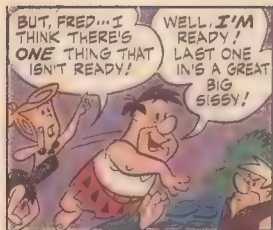
Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

The BOUNCY LUNCH



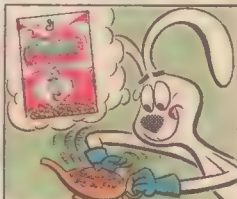




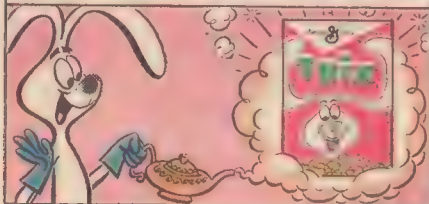
HOW'S TRIX?

WORTH
WISHING FOR...

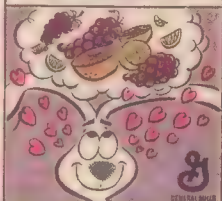
TRIX ...THE CORN CEREAL...



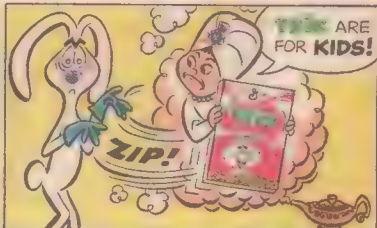
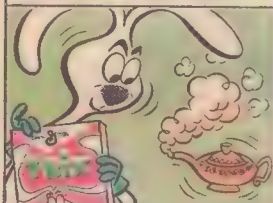
...WITH THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT!



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



All your
favorites are
at their
BEST in

ENTER



WIN

**GOLD
KEY
COMICS**

Hanna-Barbera

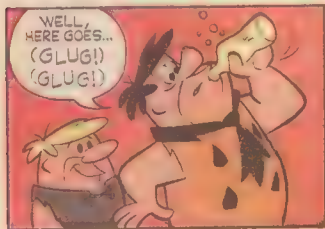
THE FLINTSTONES

The WILD MAN OF BEDROCK

HERE GOES, BARNEY!
NOW TO TEST MY NEW
SOFT DRINK FORMULA!
AND IF IT TASTES AS
GOOD AS IT LOOKS, I'LL
BE A **MILLIONAIRE!**



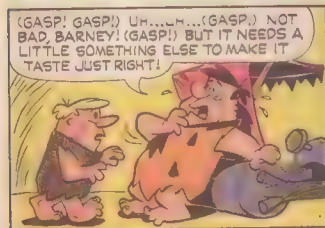
WELL, HERE GOES...
(GLUG!)
(GLUG!)



YUUGGHH!



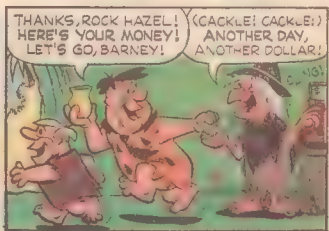
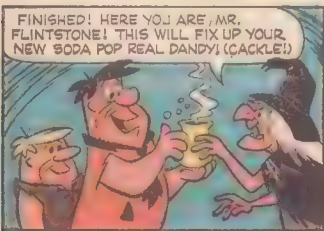
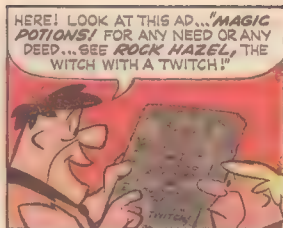
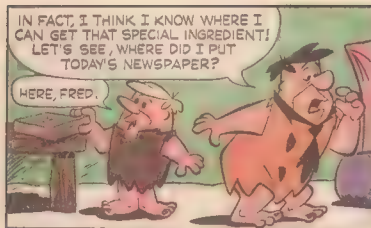
(GASP! GASP!) UH...UH...(GASP.) NOT
BAD, BARNEY! (GASP!) BUT IT NEEDS A
LITTLE SOMETHING ELSE TO MAKE IT
TASTE JUST RIGHT!

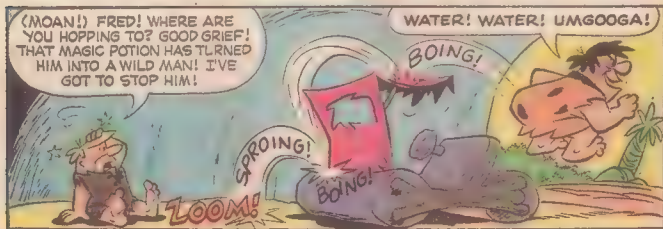
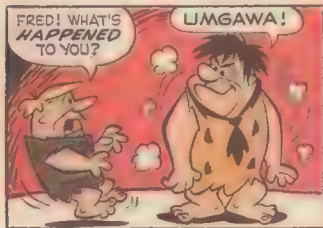
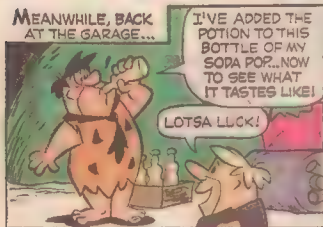
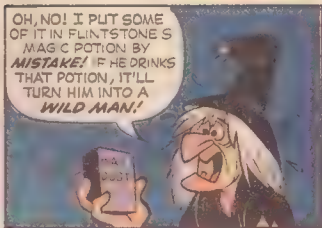
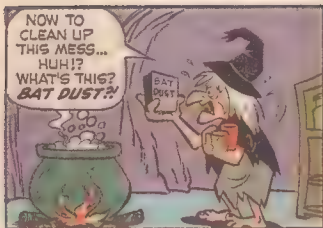


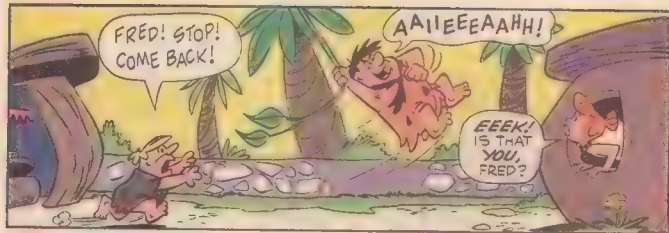
WHO
ARE YOU
FOOLING,
FRED?
THAT STUFF
WAS AWFUL,
AND YOU
KNOW IT.

WELL, I STILL THINK I
CAN SAVE IT IF I CAN FIND
A CERTAIN **SPECIAL**
INGREDIENT TO PUT IN IT!

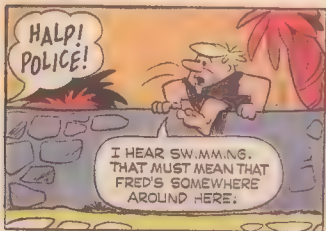
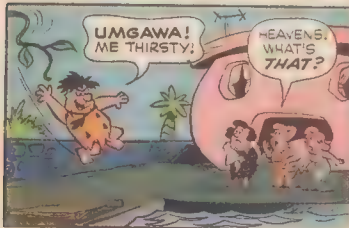




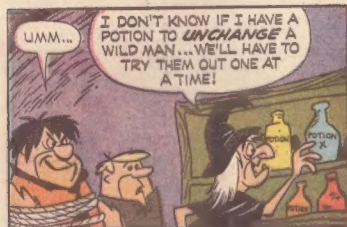
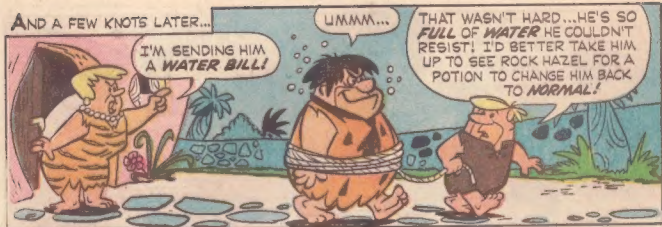


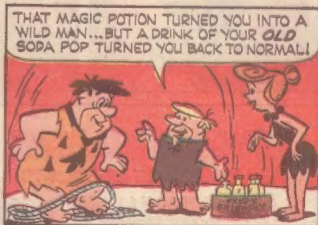


NOT TOO FAR AWAY, AT THE HOME
OF MR. AND MRS. VAN RICH ROCK...



AND A FEW KNOTS LATER...





L.C. LEPRECHAUN

AYE, LITTLE RABBIT—'TIS LUCK TO CATCH A LEPRECHAUN!

BUT NOBODY CAN!

'COURSE IF THEY DID—THEY'D CATCH MY LUCKY CHARMS!

'TIS A CHARMIN' CEREAL—SIMPLY...

HEY!

OH DEER!

CHARMIN'!

LUCKY CHARMS

NEW TOASTED OAT CEREAL WITH

MARSHMALLOW
BITS IN
LUCKY SHAPES!

'TIS A CHARMIN' CEREAL...
SIMPLY CHARMIN'



A Flintstone Funny

